PORTICO.

THE

FOURTEENTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL

IMITATED

BY THOMAS NEVILE, A. M.

FELLOW OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem. HORAT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN WOODYER IN CAMBRIDGE;
AND SOLD BY J. BEECROFT IN PATER-NOSTER-
ROW, T. PAYNE IN CASTLE-STREET,
AND H. HINGESTON WITH-
OUT TEMPLE-BAR.
MDCCLXIX.

R66659

4
3274
22

THE

FOURTEENTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL

IMITATED.

YES; I muſt ſay it; Britain is undone,
If vicious habits creep from ſire to ſon;
Such as an HOWARD's ſcutcheon would efface,
Or ſhade the glories of a RUSSEL's race.
Does the Duke game? the Marquis ſhall be ſeen
Hemm'd by a ſharping circle at fifteen.
Shall the youth, wont from infancy to note
The ſav'ry raptures of a rev'rend throat,
Whoſe daily dreams ragouts and ſauces claim,
Riſe to deſerve a patriot's dear-bought name?

Go! be the ſkill of twenty ſages join'd
To form by Wiſdom's better rules his mind,
Fruitleſs their care: his glory is to ſhine
A true deſcendant of a lick'riſh line.
APPIUS, a fiend of Paſſion; in whoſe face
Spleen ſits, and triumphs with a ſour grimace,
Who keeps his family in ceaſeleſs fear,
The POLYPHEME of all the region near.
Think ye, will he his ſon to meekneſs ſchool,
Or train him to a temper calm and cool,
Teach him, that failings our indulgence claim,
That Nature faſhion'd rich and poor the ſame?
PERISSA's daughter wed, you'll feel too late
You've choſen no LUCRETIA for your mate;
The Miſs, who, ere twelve winters ſhe could tell,
Knew with reſiſtleſs airs to act the belle,
To liſp, to languiſh, heave the practis'd ſigh,
And dart ſweet miſchief from the melting eye;
Who to wild gallants luſcious lines indites,
And with her freakiſh friends holds noiſy nights,

PUBLICA.

In all her mother's myſt'ries deeply read,
Treats, aſſignations, ſwarming in her head.
So Nature bids: when great examples move,
Domeſtic vices too perſuaſive prove;
Some few, illumin'd by a richer ray,
Direct their courſe, as Reaſon points the way;
Moſt in their parents' footſteps fondly run,
Drawn to the very track, they ought to ſhun.
Is it your wiſh a faultleſs ſon to ſee?
Watch your own conduct; from all ſtain be free:
For youth too oft, whatever care is had,
Perverſely docile imitates the bad:
No place but ſwarms with * *'s of the kind;
But where another SAVILE ſhall we find?
With due reſerve before a child be ſeen;
Taint not his innocence with talk obſcene:
Far hence be midnight revels, midnight balls!
And keep, O! keep him from thoſe wanton walls,
Where Love leads in his looſe-zon'd titt'ring crew,
And AMORET trips half-naked to the view.

Should you perceive at ſome unguarded hour
The Tempter willing to exert his pow'r,
Scorn not the playful preſence of your boy,
But check the riſings of unruly joy.
Ah think! ſhould he to ſome great guilt aſpire,
(For ſons not only copy of their ſire
The form and features, but the manners too,
And every failing piouſly outdo:)
Strait in his ears you'd thunder, and, what's worſe,
Menace to mark him with your heavieſt curſe.
O Shame! dare you—you, Sir, a rev'rend rake,
The parent's front, the parent's freedom take,
You, whom long ſince a courſe of roar and riot
Has render'd ripe for diſcipline and diet?
Yet, tho' no decency e'er claim'd your care,
The leaſt punctilio 'twere a ſin to ſpare:
Let but a peer or peereſs come to dine,
In poliſh'd pride the rich buffet ſhall ſhine;
A brighter gloſs the Perſian guilts diſcloſe,
And the lac'd footmen ſtand in tawdry rows.

Why

Why this ſolicitude for poor parade,
While ev'ry ſerious bus'neſs is delay'd?
A ſpotleſs family, without a vice,
Is a concern, in which you're not ſo nice.
Can he demand a recompence too great,
Who forms a man of merit for the ſtate,
A WOLFE, or YORKE, to bleed in Britain's cauſe,
Or from Rebellion's gripe to ſnatch the laws?
It matters much, what manners and what arts
Uſe, early uſe, to tender age imparts.
To pathleſs woods the mother ſtork repairs,
And ſnakes and lizards to her offspring bears,
Who, when full-plum'd to ſail through air, in queſt
Of the ſame animals, deſert their neſt:
The vulture, nurtur'd to the carrion taſte,
With tender talons tears the rank repaſt:
Eaglets mature, and birds of gen'rous breed,
Wont from their ſhell on foreſt-game to feed,
When hunger prompts, their prey in foreſts ſeek,
And ſouſe on hares and deer with rav'ning beak.

CENTRONIUS in one favour'd ſon attains
A rich reward for all his piddling pains:
What pride! the little pedant when he ſaw
Quit for a view of canker'd coins his taw;
Heard him ſome vaſe's tap'ring beauties tell,
Or praiſe the pearly lining of a ſhell.
Nor did the taſteful LABEO with leſs joy
Behold himſelf reflected in his boy;
LABEO, who, proud to act no vulgar part,
Would rival BOYLE in the Palladian art;
But grown more prudent, ere it was too late,
Left to his ſon his plans and his eſtate.
Now ſee, the wonder of an age to come,
A ſtructure worthy Athens, worthy Rome!
Fair op'ning to his wiſh a ſite is found;
The pile ſlow-riſing heaves above the ground:
Domes, arches, colonades lick up his gold;
The front to finiſh next his lands are ſold;
The laſt few hundreds wake him from his trance,
And waft him o'er a fugitive to France.

Who

Who in the ſon Sir CALEB does not trace,
The trembling tone, formality of face,
The curls, the coat? for to reform the dreſs
With him is Pagan, Popiſh; nothing leſs:
Stiff in his gait, preciſe in all he ſays,
Each ſtep he meaſures, and each word he weighs.
Aſk why the ſon ne'er ſhone in Church or Laws,
The wiſe, the grave Sir CALEB is the cauſe.

Moſt vices take their followers at firſt view;
Av'rice alone reluctant we purſue:
A cheat; than whom no Virtue can appear
In mien, in garb, more ſolemn, more ſevere.
'Tis true; Sir * had ſome penurious ways;
Yet his œconomy exacts our praiſe;
No ſaint more temperate: his ſavings ſure;
And well he knew thoſe ſavings to ſecure.
For management by all around him fear'd;
And in th' Exchange how honour'd! how rever'd!
Theſe, theſe, who wealth above all bleſſings prize,
Too many fathers ſtyle ſupremely wiſe;

Who

Who deem the Poor to bliſs can have no claim,
But to be rich and happy are the ſame.
" Go, boys!" they cry, " keep faſt the getting rule;
" Go! learn true wiſdom at Sir *'s ſchool."
Vice has it's elements: theſe they impart,
The beggarly beginnings of their art:
Next the ſound tenets of their trade are told,
Tenets, which Tuscus and his ſpare ſpouſe hold;
From their ſtarv'd ſervants who with care conceal
The bony fragments of a Sabbath meal,
But bounteouſly permit them to regale
On ſalted herrings, and on muddy ale,
And for themſelves or friends with mead refine
The laſt thick droppings of a pint of wine.
Do the dark dungeons of Moorfields contain
Frantics ſo deſp'rate as the ſlaves of gain,
All penury's pinching pains through life who try,
To leave a golden mountain, when they die?
Alas! to have is but to wiſh for more;
Believe me, none leſs covet than the Poor.

Tir'd of the town PATRICE a villa buys;
A farm adjoining ſoon attracts his eyes:
That field ſo fertile, and that range of trees
In a few years he purchaſes with eaſe:
Next on his neighbour's ground his wiſh he throws:
Happy, could he that meadow but encloſe!
Not ſell it! Shall PATRICE entreat in vain?
(For with ſome folks to beg is to obtain:)
Threaten'd with law his neighbour takes advice,
Glad to give up his acres at half price.
In vain the men look grave, the women rail;
Unmov'd he hears the lamentable tale,
More pleas'd by rapine envious talk to raiſe,
Than live on little with a people's praiſe.
Yet in that little he perhaps might find
More health of body, and more peace of mind,
A charm, that might each harſher ſenſe aſſuage,
And gild the dark December of old age.
Bleſt times! when our forefathers with diſdain
Could ſee men tread the crooked paths of gain:

Glory their wiſh, and competence their aim,
By noble means they ſought an honeſt fame,
Proud from our coaſts the Spaniard to repel,
Or rear rich trophies, where the TALBOTS fell:
No penſion, no court-bawble, they deſir'd;
Each to his own paternal cell retir'd;
There every want and every wiſh confin'd,
And knew no treaſure but a peaceful mind.
The ſons, diſcipled in each manly grace,
Beam'd back the modeſt virtues of their race.
Now dreams of grandeur haunt each infant brain,
The princely palace, and the liv'ry'd train:
Hence with portentous crimes theſe days are curſt;
Of mental monſters Av'rice is the worſt;
To dark and deathful deeds ſhe ſtirs the ſoul,
She points the poniard, and ſhe drugs the bowl:
Heirs, reſtleſs heirs, her dire beheſts obey:
No torture to her zealots like delay:
Wild for the prize the minor in career
Of Law, of Fame, of Concience, knows no fear.

This

This luſt of gain eſcap'd not MARVELL's eye:
" Hence to your ſeats, ye Youths!" he oft would cry:
" The days of rural innocence reſtore;
" Live, as your anceſtors have liv'd before.
" Who toils the tenant of his own eſtate
" Will never turn informer to the Great,
" Mix with the ſharpers, join the factious tribe,
" Or, worſe! betray his country for a bribe."
Thus ſpake the patriot of a former age:
Maxims more prudent guide a modern ſage.
Ere yet the child has number'd thirteen years,
Theſe ſaving ſounds are tingling in his ears:
" Go, boy! where Int'reſt bids: they never err,
" Who in their choice of friends the rich prefer."
Do the lad's lineaments ſhow a rough grace?
He buys the promiſe of an enſign's place:
Be MARS propitious, and he'll never fear
To riſe a col'nel in his fortieth year.
Or ſhould the frailties of a flutt'ring frame
Dim the pure luſtre of a ſoldier's fame,

For gown and band he barters his cockade,
And leaves to BRADDOCK all BELLONA's trade.
As ſhift's his patron's taſte, behold him ſhine
A play'r, a cook, a gambler, or divine.
Nor needs he bluſh to thrive by arts like theſe;
Gain ſtill is gain, acquire it as you pleaſe:
For mark the doctrine, MONEY MUST BE HAD;
No matter if the means be good or bad:
This, this, before their elements of ſpeech,
To boys, to girls, ſires, grandſires, matrons teach.
But why theſe precepts? Go, ſecure of mind:
Soon will the monitor be left behind;
Soon with a ſigh confeſs himſelf outdone,
As the mad ** by his madder ſon.
Ceaſe then a while your leſſons to impart;
The native taint has not yet reach'd the heart:
Scarce ſhall his downy cheeks the man reveal,
And court the firſt ſharp glidings of the ſteel,
Frontleſs he'll cheat; with oaths confirm a lie;
For vileſt traſh pack cards, or cog the die;

PORTICO

Defame a friend, ſet families at ſtrife,
Or poiſon, if need be, a wealthy wife.
Small knaves for lucre traverſe lands and ſeas;
Great villains do their bus'neſs with more eaſe.
"Well, Heav'n be judge! in me no failure lies:"
Each pious father lifts his hands, and cries.
Yet ſure who counſels to heap gain on gain
Lends to another's paſſions the looſe rein:
In vain you bid him waringly proceed;
Far from the goal he flies with frantic ſpeed.
Would you ſet bounds? by ſelf-indulgence taught
Each thinks he goes no further than he ought.
The wights, who to their ſons are wont to ſay,
That all, who give, are in a deſp'rate way;
Who with a ſhrug the fools to Bedlam ſend,
Whom pity prompts to raiſe a ſinking friend;
What do they but an ardent itch create
By fraud or force to compaſs an eſtate;
Teach them for wealth more fierce deſires to feel,
Than e'er felt WILLIAM for the public weal,

When,

When, fir'd by Freedom, Albion's bliſs he plann'd,
And drove a Tyrant-bigot from the land?
Soon will you ſee the ſparks, your breath ſupply'd,
Burſt in a blaze, and ſpread deſtruction wide;
Nor hope to 'ſcape a flame, that levels all:
You too a victim to its rage ſhall fall.
Your looks, your frame Neſtorean years preſage:
Torture to wait the ſlow decays of age!
What mail, or antidote, can eaſe your thought,
When Av'rice points the ſteel, or drugs the draught?
No Scrub, no Bays, who by grimace or wit
Sets in a roar the rabble of the pit,
Yields ſuch a fight, as who in pride of pelf
Is pleas'd to make a martyr of himſelf;
Who, worth a million, humbly deigns to fear
Some ſad reverſe, ſome other South-ſea year.
Ye Foots! ye Woodwards! quit the comic trade;
On the world's ſtage more pleaſant pranks are play'd.
Who but muſt ſhake with laughter, when he ſees
A wretch for lucre barter health and eaſe?

Yet

PORTICO.

Yet all, from thoſe who ſtretch their lungs for hire,
To him who wantons on the wav'ring wire,
Reap and enjoy the harveſt of their pains,
While ſome folks put no period to their gains.
Go, frantic! if the God of Gold commands,
Go, walk with Peſtilence o'er ſcorching ſands,
All life's beſt comforts left! or ſhiv'ring go
Where Winter's banners wave o'er hills of ſnow!
For what? unrival'd among cits to range
The gaze and envy of a full Exchange;
To buy a borough in ſome venal year,
Or match your daughter with a ruin'd peer.
Madneſs is various: this no peace can know,
While froward Fancy paints each friend a foe;
From Heav'n th' inſpiring call another hears,
And ſets his ſainted neighbours by the ears;
A third, who roams the ſeas to ſwell his heap,
A tott'ring plank between him and the deep,
Though in demeanour a true ſage he ſeem,
Battie no leſs a lunatic would deem:

Let

Let Death with horrors hang the black'ning ſkies,
In tow'ring pyramids let ſurges riſe,
Rocks rear their heads, or icy mountains roll;
Gold ſheds a ſoothing opiate on the ſoul.
Nor with the getting does the miſchief end;
More dangers wait them; cares on cares attend:
Their own domeſtics fill them with affright;
Robbers by day, aſſaſſins in the the night:
Gems, vaſes, ſtatues, pictures, ſculptur'd plate,
Unnumber'd terrors to their lord create.
If ſuch the plagues of full proſperity,
Who moſt demands our envy? is it he,
Who in an hermitage content has found,
Or he, whoſe longings not Peru can bound?
Reaſons to value pelf though ſhrewd men ſeek,
Nature and common ſenſe one language ſpeak.
Let fools, let ſlaves before their idol bend,
I know no wants, Philoſophy my friend.
Aſk you, what's competence? cloaths, food, and fire:
Or, ſhould your views to ſomething more aſpire,

Go!

Go! ſee where Temperance and Plenty meet
To bleſs one man in Thurcaſton's retreat.
Should you ſtill hang the lip and knit the brow,
An added rent or two I might allow.
Not pleas'd? alas! could treaſures be ſupply'd
From Earth's vaſt ſtores, enough for **'s pride,
Enough for THORNTON's bounty, could they more
Than teach you to be wretched, and be poor?

FINIS.